

EPISODES IN THE

NEW USE
FOR
MOTHERS
MUFFS.



WHERE
DEWEY LEARNED
TO SWIM



HONORING THE
BOY WHO WENT
OVERBOARD FOR HIS MOTHER'S
PICTURE.



DEWEY'S
OLD
HOUSE
AT
308
QUINCY
STREET
BROOKLYN

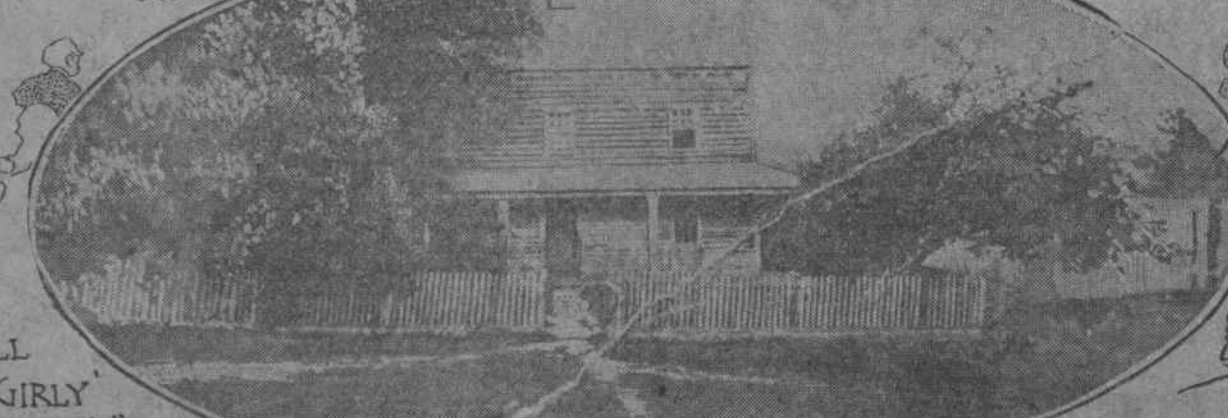


THE POOR
LITTLE CHILD
OF A
TAR

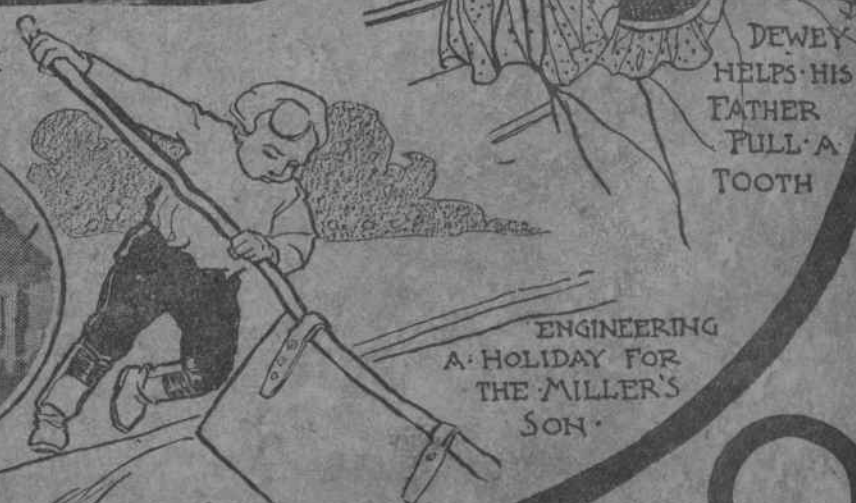


"CALL
ME 'GIRLY'
WILL YOU?"

DEWEY'S HOME
AT



BRIDGEVILLE
NEW YORK



DEWEY
HELPS HIS
FATHER
PULL A
TOOTH

ENGINEERING
A HOLIDAY FOR
THE MILLER'S
SON

CAREER OF

DOG
RIVER,
VERMONT



ADVICE TO
A LADY
ON THE
FIRING LINE

AS TOLD BY DEWEY'S OLD

A Shark That Lunched on Coat Tails.

WHEN Dewey was a young man, and was distinguishing himself on the Gulf, about New Orleans, the cook of the Mississippi was in a constant state of terror lest he should fall overboard and be eaten by sharks.

Dewey took the trouble to argue with him and tried to convert him to his own belief that shark stories were fables, and that the big fish would never attack a human being. One day Dewey was ashore, and was returning to the ship in a dingy. He was in full dress uniform, with the long-tailed frock coat of the period, and as he sat in the stern of the boat his coat tails trailed over into the water. When near the ship a big Mobile Bay shark arose behind the boat, and, with one snap, carried away the tails, gold buttons and all. The cook watched the performance from the Mississippi's deck.

"Ah, hah, Mistah Dewey," he said, "Perhaps you believe now that sharks won't bite people, heh? What's your coat tails?"

"My coat tails, doctor," replied the Lieutenant, "have been removed by an act of Providence."

"Well, Mr. Dewey," retorted the cook, "I wonder what Providence wanted of 'em?"

The Midshipman Who Had Fun with Dewey.

YEARS ago Dewey was captain of the old Constitution. He had on board with him a lot of young midshipmen, who had been made restless while on a long cruise, and could not keep out of mischief. While Dewey was in his cabin, the boys, for a huge joke, made a bowling alley of the deck of the ship, and rolled solid shot along it. Of course, the result was a succession of peals of stage thunder that brought the captain from his cabin. But when the commander had gained the deck every midshipman was in his hammock, either reading or ostentatiously asleep. Dewey said nothing at the time, but manoeuvred around so that ultimately he had all the midshipmen before him on the deck.

"It's a warm day, gentlemen," said the Captain, cheerily.

"A very warm day," responded the men.

"Yes, gentlemen," continued Dewey, "the heat is oppressive. And it has just occurred to me that you had better go out on the tips of the yards and cool off." And he kept those ebullient young officers out on the yard arm for a solid hour.

Admiral Dewey's Pet Parrot Story.

THE best story Dewey tells is not about himself. At least he always makes another captain the hero of it. It concerns a parrot, the property of a ship captain, who was very fond of it.

It should be remembered in this connection that there never was a naval commander fonder of pets than Admiral George Dewey. He is never on a ship without a dog, a monkey, or some other animal companion.

This particular parrot was on a ship that lay in the harbor of Rio Janeiro. It had been a brilliant, active, noisy bird, but here it began to mope and moan and sit in its cage, ignoring every invitation to display its accomplishments.

The alarmed commander consulted the ship's doctor, and the wise medicine man said he thought that the bird needed a little relapse into its primitive state to bring it up to form.

"Send the bird on shore," he said, "and let it climb trees, chew bark, and be a bird again."

The captain called his steward, who is represented to be a conceited old dandy, and sent him ashore to give the parrot a run.

The crew of the captain's gig took the occasion to dump the steward into the sea, as he was boarding the boat, just to see him splutter, and down went the parrot in his metal cage, and never was seen more.

The captain was a choleric man, and the old dandy saw a court-martial and life imprisonment ahead of him even if he was lucky enough to escape execution.

Only one idea occurred to him to save him from his threatened fate. There are no lack of parrots in Rio Janeiro, and after a few days, in the same kind of a cage, in the captain's cabin, swung another green parrot, with a yellow top-knot, only this one was full of health and spirits, with plumage as glossy as a ripe plum. As Dewey tells the story, when the captain fed the bird it reciprocated with a volley of Spanish oaths, and at the captain's exclamation of surprise, it switched off and swore in Portuguese for a quarter of an hour. Dewey says he was summoned to the cabin, where he found his commander in a tremendous state of excitement.

"Mr. Dewey," said the captain, "this parrot of mine is a wonderful bird. He has been ashore only three days, and in that time, upon my sacred honor, he has picked up a thorough working knowledge of the Spanish and Portuguese languages."

Saving His Sister from a Sea Monster.

THE boy Dewey was always casting himself for a heroic part.

Once he sent his sister Mary to wade into the river where the water was up to her knees. Then he dashed out after her, plunged into the water at her feet, splashing and growling, and brandishing a big stick. After he had roared for several minutes and the little girl had lifted up her arms and shrieked a plea for help to a tree on the bank, George came out and got behind the tree. Presently he rushed into the water again, smote it with his stick, thrust at it and stamped on it, and encouraging the little girl meanwhile with reassuring cries. Then he put his arm around her and helped her to the shore. To the people who had been attracted to the spot by the noise he explained on his first dash into the water he was a ferocious sea monster, and his second dash was made to save the hapless maiden from being devoured by the alligator.

When Dewey First Smelled Powder.

DEWEY as a boy was an adventurous little chap, and more than once the country had a narrow escape from losing the hero. One of his most disastrous scrapes was the result of a patriotic Fourth-of-July experiment he made. He got out behind the barn with a number of his young companions, and borrowing an auger, bored out the heart of a stick of wood and cut a touch hole in it, and then producing from its hiding place a horn half full of powder that he had been treasuring up, proceeded to load his improvised cannon. To make it more exciting he had put a plug in the muzzle of the thing for a projectile. He stuck in a fuse, lit it and made a run with the other youngsters to a safe place behind the woodpile. The gun went off, but the plug had not been driven home, and instead of the awe-inspiring excitement-producing explosion they looked for, the wooden cannon only fizzed, sputtered and popped, and the plug dropped feebly a foot or two away.

The boys ran forward to recharge the piece, but Dewey waved them back.

"One man's life is enough at a time," he exclaimed grandiloquently, and upending the log emptied the powder horn into it.

The first explosion had charred the inside of the stick, and there was still fire in it when the powder was dumped into the muzzle. There was a tremendous flash and flare, and Dewey, with a yell, made straight for the rain tub and plunged his head into it. When he raised it the other boys hardly knew him. His hair was singed and his eyebrows and lashes gone, and the whole face was pitted with powder burns.

"Does it show much?" was his question.

It did show a great deal, and much to his disappointment when Dr. Dewey saw him, he knew at once what had happened. There were two or three painful days while the powder was being picked out. But in a short time even the marks were gone, and Dewey had the satisfaction of blowing up his log with a crash that alarmed the town, but did him no damage.

The Girl's Picture on the Admiral's Dressing Table.

AFTER Dewey's great victory, Miss Marie Powers, a pretty school girl in Detroit, Ill., wrote the Admiral a plea for a souvenir. She asked him for a button off his uniform, and she enclosed with the request her photograph. The Admiral not only sent the button, but a cabinet photograph of his own on which was his autograph. The pretty girl's picture he put upon his dressing table.

"She will be the death of me yet," he said, once mentioning the incident. "I have her picture on my dresser, and in the morning, when I shave, it catches my eye, and I have already cut myself three times because of my abstraction. And I'll be cutting my throat one of these mornings."

Praises Instead of Punishment.

AFTER the battle of Manila, when the Olympia was in Manila Harbor, a powder boy lost his coat overboard, and asked permission to go over after it. He was ordered to remain on the ship but disobeyed and, slipping around to the other side of the vessel, dropped into the bay and swam around, and finally recovered his coat. He was hauled on board and placed under arrest for disobedience of orders and was finally brought before the Admiral.

Dewey questioned him abruptly, and tears came to the boy's eyes. He reached into the pocket of the dripping coat and took out a woman's picture.

"It's my mother," he said. "The only picture I've got."

"My, boy," said Dewey, after a moment of silence, "a lad who would risk his life to recover his mother's picture will not be punished by me. You ought not to have disobeyed the order. But I congratulate you on having done it."

Nearly Declared War on Mexico.

IN 1875 Dewey was commander of the old Narragansett, that was employed in surveying the coasts of the Gulf of California. The Narragansett laid up at La Paz, near the southern end of the peninsula, and word reached Dewey that an American engineer was beleaguered in a shanty back in the mountains with some Englishmen by a Mexican mob.

The Yankee had killed two Mexicans in a quarrel, and the mob had determined to avenge these deaths by killing the Gringos. In La Paz was a Mexican garrison of 600 men commanded by a Colonel, but the garrison was taking no interest in the plot back in the hills.

Dewey promptly sent a messenger to the Mexican Colonel asking him what he was going to do to insure the American a fair trial in the courts.

"Oh, he got into the trouble himself. Let him get out," said the Mexican.

The next forenoon brought a curt note to the Colonel, Dewey told him that he would allow him just twenty-four hours to protect the American and Englishmen, and that if at the end of that time he had not moved in their direction he would bombard La Paz and burn it.

The Narragansett's crew were at once called to quarters and given their small arms. That night Dewey steamed to a point commanding the principal street of La Paz and trained the two old howitzers, which were the only battery the Narragansett had at the time, on the municipal buildings. The Colonel and the Alcalde protested against this act of war, but by daybreak a message came from them, saying that the Narragansett's commander's orders would be complied with. Dewey kept the howitzers trained on the palace until the soldiers brought the American to La Paz. There was some talk of a protest by the Mexican Government, but Dewey was never called to account for his ultimatum.

Robinson Crusoe and Hannibal.

THERE are legends of stories of Dewey's early childhood in circulation about Montpelier. When he was seven years old his eldest sister read him the story of Robinson Crusoe. Presently a dog was missed from the neighborhood. Then a goat disappeared from the outskirts of the town. His father discovered young George playing Robinson Crusoe in the barn. He was Crusoe, and his sister was Man Friday. In order to be realistic, George had hunted the goat at night with his nightgown draped about him, as nearly as he could imitate the in-

mortal Robinson's costume.

A little later on, somebody read him of Hannibal's march over the Alps. It was midwinter, and the snow was heaped in mountainous drifts behind the barn. George Dewey decided to be Hannibal. There were his Alps ready made, and obliging sister Mary consented to be Hannibal. They crossed and recrossed the Alps until Mary was down with bronchitis and George was so hoarse that he could not talk above a whisper. Then, of course, there was a stop.

The Poor Little Child of a Tar.

IT WILL be news to most people to learn that the future Admiral was a very sentimental child. There was a queer old narrative song about "The Poor Little Child of a Tar," which his father used to sing to him when he was a very small youngster. The hero of the song was a motherless boy who asked alms of passer-by, telling them how his father had gone to sea and never returned. Finally, a benevolent man, to whom he addressed himself, recognized him as his own boy. This song used to always affect the child to tears, and he never tired of hearing it, and when the happy recognition was sung he fairly trembled with delight.

The Drunken Sailor Who Lied.

THE one thing that Dewey cannot endure is a lie. Once at Gibraltar a petty officer came aboard drunk. He was called before the captain next morning, and told him that he had not taken anything but a couple of beers and had then been prostrated by the sun.

"You are lying, my man," said Dewey. "You were very drunk. I will not have my men lie to me. I don't expect a man-of-war's crew to be a blue ribbon brigade. But I do expect them to tell the truth. And I'll insist on that. Had you simply said that you drank too much on your liberty I would have let you off. For you did no particular harm except to yourself. For trying you go ten days in irons. I am told you are a good seaman. A good seaman has no business lying and ought to be ashamed to save himself from punishment by doing it."

Getting Rid of an Uncomplimentary Nickname.

WHEN Dewey was a mere child his people took great pride in dressing him. He was rather a pretty boy, and was rather a contrast to the barefoot youngsters with whom he associated, because of his clothes and his fastidiousness. This was before he developed into bad boyhood. They called him "Girly." Some of the boys who thus testified their resentment of his refinement, remember it yet, though they are old men, for little George Dewey thrashed three lads of his own size before the uncomfortable little nickname was given up.

DEWEY'S DESK
ON THE
OLYMPIA



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DEWEY
HELPS HIS
FATHER
PULL A
TOOTH